

tout dit.' It is not like this that our modern
 'scientific
 historians* write; and because they have
 forgotten, so
 many of them, that without this saving grace
 the history
 of human life, like human life itself, remains
 a futile old
 curiosity-shop, they will themselves be
 forgotten in one-
 twentieth of the time for which the world
 has treasured
 the 'unscientific' annals of a Herodotus or a
 Tacitus.

And as with our historians, so with our own
 history—it
 too will drop from the memories of an
 indifferent
 posterity, if we can fill it with nothing but
 the noise of
 splitting atoms. I sometimes wonder if it is
 the fate of
 Europe to lapse into a sort of barbarism
 each time it
 forgets Greece and that Greek grace prayed
 for by Mon-
 tesquieu. It is indeed the proudest glory of
 his France
 that of all the European peoples she has
 always stood
 nearest in courage and clarity of intellect to
 the classic
 tradition of the Mediterranean; and I know
 no better
 summary of the attitude to life I mean—the
 attitude,
 however spontaneous and unconscious,
 which makes, for
 me, Hesiod seem so much more vital than
 Langland—
 than these words of Faguet on Montaigne
 and the land-
 scape of Montaigne's chateau in Perigord:
 'C'est dans ce
 cadre admirablement artistique que
 Montaigne a pratiqué
 cette maxime que depuis si longtemps j'ai
 formulée,
 peut-être après une lecture de Montaigne
 —"L'art de la

vie consiste à faire de la vie un objet d'art." 11
 a fait sa vie
 et Ta modelée au patron de la beauté
 artistique. Il Fa
 dressée à Stre calme, équilibrée, et souriante
 comme une
 statue de la sainte ou de la jeunesse. Sa
 conscience fut le
 bon goût Ses remords furent des repentirs
 de peintre ou
 de sculpteur. . . . Le propre du vice lui
 paraît être
 d'offenser et de faire souffrir "une nature
 bien née."
 Une faute, c'est une dissonance . . . la vie est
 la beauté
 v&ue/ Perhaps Montaigne would have
 smiled at this.